

# The Fairfield Herald.

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THE  
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"S' WING HIS WILD OATS."

"Sowing his wild oats"—aye! sowing them deep.  
In the heart of a mother to blossom in tears,  
And shadow with grief the decline of her years.

"Sowing his wild oats," to silver the head  
Of the sire who watched his first pulse throbb  
With joy,  
And whose voice went to Heaven in prayer  
For "the boy."

"Sowing his wild oats," to spring up and  
choke  
The flowers in the garden of a sister, whose  
loves  
Is as pure and as bright as the blue sky  
above.

"Sowing his wild oats." Aye! cheeks  
shall grow pale,  
And sorrow shall wither the heart of the  
wife,  
When manhood thus squanders the prime of  
his life.

"Sowing his wild oats." Death only shall  
resp.  
With his keen sharpened scythe; the fruits  
will be found  
In the graveyard near by, "neath that grass-  
covered mound

[From the New York Herald.]  
Women's Rights in Massachusetts.

The question of placing women on an equality with the masculine, so far as civil and political rights are concerned, is one which has for a year or more agitated the people of Massachusetts. Since six months since a three days' convention was held in Boston, and that has been closely followed ever since by a series of mass meetings in every town, hamlet and city throughout the State's domain, and, added to all these, the strong-minded fair sex of the different localities have been industriously engaged in obtaining signatures to petitions, and the two branches of the Legislature have been flooded with them. In response to the calls of the petitioners and advocates of women's rights the Legislature appointed a joint special committee to investigate the whole question, and this forenoon the committee gave a public hearing to all parties interested. There was present a large number of women, and also a number of men who have been prominently identified with the movement for the past twenty years.

Wendell Phillips was the first to address the committee. He said he had heard that Miss Lucy Stone would have been present to make the opening argument, and he regretted very much her necessary absence. The question of granting women the right of ballot, he said, was not a new one either in this country or Europe, and in both countries it seemed to be the great question of the hour. He advocated it first on the ground of simple absolute right, and if it was disputed on this ground of civilization on this continent was ignored. The cardinal principle of American politics is taxation and representation, and side by side of this principle is another that we have no right to make a subject responsible to law unless he has consented to that law. Taxation, therefore, ought to carry with it the ballot, and as woman is amenable to law she ought to have a voice in making that law. He claimed that distinction of sex was not sufficient to make a distinction in granting the ballot, and woman could not, constitutionally or otherwise, delegate her inherent right of making laws to another; for it was nothing more nor less than surrendering her moral guardianship. No one denied that woman was competent to express an opinion, and he felt to see where the objection was to allowing her to express by vote an opinion which she was competent to form. Coming wholly to the question of the expediency of granting the ballot to woman and the manner in which she shall use it, he claimed that she is the equal of man; and if she was not, so long as she is competent to be hung and otherwise suffer under the laws, she is competent to have a part in making those laws. He did not accept the theory that woman was better than man, but he believed that the moment she was put into politics they would be improved, for then there would be harmony of action, and she would not be a cogwheel in the government machine as now. Woman has purified literature—not because she was better, but because she had harmonized society—and the same result would follow in politics if she were admitted to the right of suffrage. He contrasted general society with politics, and claimed that the latter was fifty per cent below the former but the political standard could be raised if woman was admitted to participate in politics. He referred also to the corruption of politics in New York, Pennsylvania and Wisconsin, attributing the whole to the power of incorporated wealth, and portraying a dark future for the whole country if the political atmosphere was not soon purified, and in this light he valued and advocated the question of women's rights. He further

valued the ballot in women's hands because it seemed right and would contribute to the education of the masses. Referring to the social vices of large cities, the cancers of the whole community, subsidizing all classes, he claimed that the evils could be grappled if the women had the same opportunity to gain wealth and an honorable living as men have. They would take advantage of it, and thus the social vices would be diminished. Mr. Phillips closed with a protest against any legislative grant of aid to any institution in the State which did not admit women, and in this he would include Harvard and all other colleges. Women are taxed to support these institutions, and they should have the equal advantages of them.

One of the committee asked Mr. Phillips if he would have the State refuse to grant aid to the Agricultural College, which is designed particularly to educate men for farming pursuits.

Mr. Phillips replied that he would have the doors of that institution open to women the same as others, and if they did not choose to avail themselves of it the State would not be at fault.

He stated, also, that a lady of his acquaintance recently desired to learn something of the cultivation of cranberries, and the Agricultural College was just the place for her. He clinched all this by saying that if woman was shut off the voting list she should be crossed off the tax list, adding also that if she was not capable of making a law she was too ignorant to suffer from it.

INDIAN OUTRAGES IN DAKOTA TERRITORY.—PARTY OF SOLDIERS DEFEATED BY THE SAVAGES.—INDIANS PREPARING FOR A SPRING CAMPAIGN.—A letter received here from the acting Indian agent at the Yankton agency, Dakota Territory, by the actual agent of that station, who is now in this city on official business, gives an account of some recent outrages there by hostile Indians upon white settlers and soldiers. According to this letter fifteen Indians came to the Yankton agency with a pile of stolen goods, begging for food to eat and for ammunition to enable them to procure game. They were supplied with what they asked for and left. Instead of conducting themselves quietly after this kindly treatment the Indians went into the house of a settler near by, demanded food and clothing and commenced firing off their guns and outraging the people of the house. After seizing all they could carry off in this dwelling they crossed the Missouri river to Nebraska, entered the house of a German settler and repeated the outrages there had committed at the other side. They then recrossed the river into Dakota Territory, and meeting some soldiers attacked them, killing three and putting the rest to rout. The soldiers abandoned their arms and fled in confusion. The Indians, during their depredations, declared they intended soon to hold a council of the Sioux Indians at Fort Pierre, for the purpose of arranging plans for clearing out all the soldiers and white settlers in their country.—N. Y. Herald.

WHAT LANDS SHALL WE DRAIN?—The question immediately rises, when a farmer thinks of draining, which of his fields shall I drain first? and he generally answers it by selecting the worst. In fact, writers on the subject of draining almost always recommend that it be first applied to such fields as are most in need of it—that is, to utterly worthless swamps and very wet brush prairies. Though, at first sight, the advice seems to be good; on further consideration, it will be seen that there are some good reasons why these fields are not the ones whose early draining will result in the greatest early profit. The draining of a worthless swamp is an acquisition of more land, an extension of the actual limits of the farm; and it implies a greater amount of work to be done in cultivation and harvesting, more capital to be invested in implements and labor, and additional acres to be manured. The crop resulting from its reclamation must pay the charges of interest, labor, live stock, and manure, before it can yield us any actual profit; and probably during the first ten years after the reclaiming of such land, when we come to consider the extent to which other land must be neglected for the sake of it, there will not be much clear profit resulting.

Probably the land which it will pay the farmer best to drain is the best land on his whole farm, if this needs draining at all.

Labor for Cotton.  
The following, says the Mobile Tribune, is from the Winnsboro, South Carolina, News:

"The Mobile Tribune advocates the importation of Chinamen, and General Forrest the importation of Africans as freedmen, to supply the South with labor. But the tendency of either measure would be to degrade our social condition and weaken our political power. What the South needs is intelligence, more even than numbers, amongst her laboring population. We have ever accompanied our advocacy of immigration from Europe and the North by saying that we needed, not a large and worthless population, but 'skilled laborers.' There is a class of people both in Europe and the Northern States that would prove to us only an additional burden. Let us not, then, import barbarians, but educate ourselves, educate our laborers, and encourage self-supporting and skillful working men to come and settle in our midst. We need none others. Let our growth be slow, if need be, but let it be a healthy and vigorous growth to unexampled material power, and as its certain consequence, to recovery of political influence. To this end let the patriot bend his efforts. It is a peaceful and a sure remedy for our late unparalleled calamity."

We long entertained just such views as those expressed above. We still would prefer to base the future of the South wholly on a white basis; we would not encourage migration into the South from either Asia or Africa, but only from the seats of white empire. But we have it in our power to follow our choice in face of the pressing necessities upon us.

The financial prosperity of the South rests at present, and is likely to do so for years to come, almost wholly on her cotton bales.

For her to dispense with them now or during the next ten years, is to sink suddenly to the condition of Jamaica. "Educate our laborers." But where are they? Our laborers for the cotton field are negroes, and they are already educated up to the highest point as cultivators of cotton. It is not a question of education but of supply; not of drilling but of recruiting.

By all means let the Southern plant be educated in the mechanic arts, in commerce and navigation; but to accomplish that, which cannot be done suddenly, the land must be kept alive. We cannot stop the cultivation of cotton suddenly without disaster. It is a bull that we have taken by the horns, and the question is how to hold on. As matters stand we are gradually loosening our hold, before we have taken hold of anything else. How to renew it is the question.

Our South Carolina cotemporary offers no plan whatever. We have come to the conclusion that it cannot be accomplished by white labor from any portion of the world. The white man with the world of varied pursuits before him will never cultivate the cotton field.

What next, since cotton we must have or sink under financial ruin? We are reduced to a choice between the skilled labor from Asia and the unskilled muscle from Africa, if indeed the latter is to be taken into consideration at all, for really it is not a practical question. There will never again, be any general importation of negroes from Africa.

If the editor of the News saw the whole cotton crop of his District slowly consuming away under a smouldering fire, would he not gladly avail himself of any means at his disposal to rescue it? We think he would.

The cotton crops of the South are year by year growing less, for the labor necessary to their cultivation is daily growing more scarce and unreliable.

Unless a remedy is applied the South will soon be without any cotton—in other words without any money.

Other industries that may be inaugurated will not pay in time.

Who then that sees the necessity of rescuing from ruin the cotton crops of the South, will hesitate about the means? That means is offered by Asia and by her alone—either in her Chinese or Hindoo slaves.

The importation of such people for the cotton and rice fields will not degrade our social condition more than did the existence of slavery before the war.

The intercourse between the white man and the imported Asiatic will be that between employer and employed. The latter will never seek any other position, for he despises all connected with the white man, saving only his money.

By what means may the South get four or five millions of cotton bales out of her soil? That is the whole question.

[From the Philadelphia Telegraph.]  
Twitchell - He Makes a Confession—Mrs. Twitchell Charged with the Murder of George Brinkhurst and William B. Perkins.

In the presence of Rev. George Brinkhurst and William B. Perkins, Esq., prison superintendent, George S. Twitchell, Jr., has made the following confession of the particulars of the murder of Mrs. Hill. It will be seen by this statement of Twitchell that the conditions of the murder were somewhat different from what were generally supposed; and if Twitchell has given a truthful relation of the tragedy, the horrors of the murder are greatly increased, as it implicates the daughter as the chief perpetrator of the fearful deed.

"I went to my room on the night of the murder, and, instead of going to bed, lay down on the lounge which was in my room and fell asleep. My wife was in bed at the time. I was roused at her repeated calls, and ran down to the dining room, where I found her much excited, saying—

"I have had a quarrel with mother, and killed her!"

"I do not know whether she said—'Save me, or help me to hide it!'"

"But at last we threw the body of Mrs. Hill out of the window, to make it look as if she fell out."

"I went down stairs and washed my hands and face at the hydrant; then went to my room, undressed, and went to bed. My wife came up afterwards and got into bed, where we staid until Sarah (Campbell) rang the bell."

"I think we were in bed ten or twenty minutes. I made a solemn vow to eternal God that night that I would never reveal it, but I cannot keep it any longer. I am sorry that I said 'I knew nothing of it,' but I did it with the vow in my mind, and to save my wife."

"I now make this disclosure that I may have peace with God."

[Signed] GEORGE S. TWITCHELL, JR.  
In the presence of Rev. George Brinkhurst and William B. Perkins.

MRS. TWITCHELL LEAVES THE CITY.  
This morning Mrs. Camilla E. Twitchell left the city under circumstances which would appear to lend the countenance of truth to the above statement of her husband.

About a week ago she visited the condemned man in his cell for the last time. She then had a conversation with the Rev. Mr. Brinkhurst, in the course of which she manifested the liveliest concern as to whether her husband had said anything to his spiritual adviser which would implicate her in the murder.

She inquired especially if Twitchell had made any statement about the crime. Mr. Brinkhurst responded that he had. Then the wife inquired if he had made a confession, to which she again received an affirmative response.

Mrs. Twitchell then inquired if her husband had made any statement concerning herself in connection with the murder; to which she likewise received an affirmative response.

"Yes," said Mr. Brinkhurst, "he has told me all about it."

"Then," exclaimed Mrs. Twitchell, "he is a villain—the greatest villain on the face of the earth!"

She then directed her inquiries to the day of the execution, asking if Twitchell intended to make any statement on the scaffold. She was assured by Mr. Brinkhurst that he intended to do so. This brought out the inquiry as to whether any newspaper reporters would be present; and when she was told that such would be the case, she exclaimed—

"That would be bad!"

A Shiftless Man.  
The Editor's Drawer of Harper's Monthly for April has the following:

In the spring of 1841 I was searching for a studio in which to set up my easel. My "house-hunting" ended at the New York University, where I found what I wanted in one of the turrets of that stately edifice. When I fixed my choice, the janitor, who accompanied me in my examination of the rooms, threw open a door on the opposite side of the hall and invited me to enter. I found myself in what was evidently an artist's studio, but the object in it bore indubitable signs of thrift and neglect. The statuette, busts, and models of various kinds, were covered with dust and cobwebs, dusty canvases were faced to the wall, and stumps of brushes and scraps of paper littered the floor. The only signs of industry consisted of a few masterly drawings and little luscious studies of color pinned to the wall.

"You will have an artist for your neighbor," said the janitor, "though he is not here much of late; he seems to be getting rather shiftless; he is wasting his time over some silly invention—a machine by which he expects to send messages from one place to another. He is a very good painter, and might do well if he would only stick to his business; but, Lord," he added, with a sneer of supreme contempt, "the idea of tolling by a little streak of lightning what a body is saying at the other end of it! His friends think he is crazy on the subject, and are trying to dissuade him from it, but he persists in it until he is almost ruined."

Judge of my astonishment when he informed me that the "shiftless" individual, whose foolish waste of time so excited his commiseration, was none other than the President of the National Academy of Design—the most exalted position, in my youthful artistic fancy, it was possible for mortal to attain—S. F. B. Morey, since much better known as the inventor of the electric telegraph. But a little while after this, his fame was flashing through the world, and the unbelievers who voted him insane were forced to confess that there was at least "method in his madness."

GRANT AND SHERMAN.—"What preparations have you made for retreating?" asked Buell of Grant after the first day's fight at Shiloh. "I have not despaired of whipping them yet," was Grant's reply. This sounds like a version of a well known anecdote of Napoleon during the Italian campaign, but Grant may have said it for its characteristic of his bull-dog tenacity.

His firmness in regard to the repeal of the tenure of office bill is an additional proof of his tenacity. He does not swear "by the Eternal!" as Old Hickory was wont, but he is going to win, nevertheless. What then? We may well ask that question, and he is wiser than Grant who will answer it.

Sherman's letters to Grant, written during the war, show a degree of admiration which those who believe Sherman to be conscious of intellectual superiority to Grant would hardly think possible. On his accession to the Lieutenant Generalship, Sherman wrote: "You are now Washington's legitimate successor, and occupy a position of almost dangerous elevation; but if you can continue, as heretofore, to be yourself, simple, honest and unpretending, you will enjoy through life the respect and love of friends, the homage of millions of human beings, that will award you a large share in securing to them and their descendants a government of law and stability." And Grant is no less cordial and friendly in acknowledging his indebtedness to Sherman and McPherson for those military successes which secured his great promotion.

At present, the friendship between the President and Generalissimo seems and in all probability really is, sincere. We have no reason to think otherwise. Nothing that we know of has occurred to mar that friendship. But "poor human nature" is—poor human nature. The holding of high office, to men who have within them a spark of natural goodness, is much like joining the church. They mean well; they promise themselves great things—a complete reformation of life and character. But by and by the Old Adam returns, the zealot becomes lukewarm, the world rushes in, and the new convert becomes no better than the old, at whose coldness he had so often marvelled. Even so with office-holders. They enter upon the discharge of their duties with the best intentions, they grow weary, abuses accumulate, they despair, they give up, and then comes the weak ending of a bold beginning.

The News says: "The January, 1869, interest on the first mortgage and guaranteed debt of the Greenville and Columbia Railroad Company, will be paid at the Columbia office on and after the 1st inst. provided that the holders of the bonds will find all interest accrued up to July 1, 1868, in guaranteed bonds of the company."

Frank Blair's Prophecy.  
A FAIR PROSPECT OF ITS FULFILLMENT.

General Blair charged that General Grant, if elected, would turn the Presidential chair into a throne. Nobody believed this assertion. It was received as an utterance which, originating in only a fear of Grant's general policy, rather than as being liable to a specific and literal construction.

There is, as yet, nothing which particularly supports the literal meaning of General Blair's charge, unless one be disposed to be an alarmist. Were he one of the latter character he might attach a certain amount of significance to some prominent occurrences of Grant's short administration. Thus, he might argue somewhat as follows:

1. The appointment over Thomas of an unscrupulous instrument like Sheridan is indicative of some bad project.

2. Sherman, the successor of Grant as commander of the army of the United States, is known to be an uncompromising monarchist.

3. Grant is filling a majority of the official positions with relatives, personal friends and his immediate retainers.

4. Grant is disposed to push our relations with Cuba and Great Britain to the verge of war, and, in so doing, gives rise to the suspicion that he wishes to create an army upon whose support he can rely for the carrying out of some ulterior and sinister project.

Of course, these assertions are those of an alarmist. Grant is of the people. Grant was elected by a party that is so governed by conscience, so devoted to the interests of God and humanity, so full of sympathy for the poor people, that it would never permit him to commit the crime of overthrowing the republic.

[Chicago Times.]

"Theoretically, our Government is controlled by the voters; practically, of late, by the men who count the votes."—Tribune.

Exactly. We feel this terrible truth in its fullest extent here. The lies and fraud. Here in Virginia we never had any trouble about election frauds. The name of every voter was noted, as well as the names of those he voted for, when his vote was cast. His name was duly recorded. The only question raised about a voter was whether the voter was entitled to vote. In the matter of frauds there is no comparison between the systems. The ballot is a machine for the manufacture of frauds, while viva voce voting affords so few opportunities for deception and illegal voting that it may be said to be almost closed against fraud. But Congress seemed to reform everything in the South, and made no discriminations in the general revolution they attempted. The good and that which was not shared the same fate. We must do as they did at their homes. That was the law; and so in elections we shall not have to consider here that the "men who count the votes" control the Government; not the voters. We suppose this is "progress."

[Richmond Dispatch.]

Mrs. Young, formerly a resident of Indiana, a politician, orator and editor, having impaired her health, abandoned all these pursuits and turned her attention to farming. In 1865 she went to Idaho, and engaged in farming and fruit growing with great success, having laborers under her charge both white and colored. One year she sold over \$1000 worth of strawberries. She now advocates the propriety and feasibility of women becoming farmers as a means of ameliorating the condition of the sex and making women independent and happy.

A WESTERN SPEECH.—My competitor has told you of his services he rendered his country in the late war. Let me tell you that I too acted an humble part in that memorable contest. When the tocsin of war summoned the chivalry of the West to rally to the defence of the national honor, I, fellow-citizen, animated by that patriotic spirit which glows in every American's bosom, hired a substitute for that war, and the bones of that man now lie bleaching on the banks of the Raisin!

CONNECTICUT.—The Republicans have elected three of the four congressmen. In the last Congress the delegation stood three Democrats and one Republican. The Republicans have also about 40 majority on joint ballot in the Legislature, which will of course ratify the fifteenth amendment.

A Gentleman just from Columbia says, that quite a number of freedmen had abandoned their contracts in and near that place, and gone to Abbeville to enlist in the militia, at sixteen dollars a month and rations.

There are more Indians on the war path now than before, they were exterminated, according to war reports.

A FINE PORTRAIT OF BUTLER.—Don Platt writes to the Cincinnati Commercial:

"The New York Times is pleased to say that Butler is working himself into the leadership of the House. Benjamin, surnamed Butler the Beast, is certainly busy, but I rather guess this does not mean leadership. If I understand the honorable gentleman, he means mischief."

"Butler is an ambitious man, as we all know; he is also a sensitive man, as we all do not know; and he has just about as much conscience and principle as his Satanic Majesty. I don't mean Milton's devil, who was a gentleman, Butler is not, nor that other personage spoken of in the Book of Job, but the real old fashioned devil, with an odd foot and a narrative attachment, and huge horns, who goeth about seeking whom he may devour. Disappointed in not securing the leadership long since—stung to the quick by the open contempt shown him by his fellow-members—he is striving to divide and destroy the Republican organization. This has been his history. He will rule or ruin; and as he cannot rule, he must ruin."

He hates Grant, while pretending to be his friend. He hates the Republican party. He hates everything but Ben. Butler, because he is Ben. Butler, and Ben. Butler he despises.

Those who have seen him in contact with Grant tell me that the ill-concealed contempt of the President is in striking contrast with the smiling eucalyptus of the member from Massachusetts. It is not possible but that Butler perceives this himself, and it does not seem to strengthen the love between the two. It will be sometime, I opine, before the subtle disorganizer makes the frank, straightforward soldier believe that he is a friend."

How MUCH MARR?—We clip the following from an exchange. We advise highly visitors of dry goods clerks to beware:

"A clerk in a dry goods store retired one night from his bed-fellow an acquaintance dating back to school days. Our informant slept in the next room adjoining the door of which was partly open. In the middle of the night he says he was awakened from sleep by claim, 'How many yards did you say you wanted, marm? Three yards enough?' and the next thing heard a tearing noise, and the bed fellow of the clerk shouted out, 'What are you doing?—you have torn my shirt from top to bottom.' The poor dreamer imagined himself in his store, waiting on a lady customer, who wanted three yards of calico. The shouts of merriment which the event created can well be imagined."

FROM CUBA.—The following is an extract from a commercial letter received by one of our West India houses) dated Carabien, 22d March. We place it before our readers that they may see the condition of affairs in that part of the Island of Cuba:

Last week has been disastrous. The insurgents succeeded in burning two magnificent estates, and you can calculate the loss of three hundred hds. of sugar; this leaves us a margin to suppose that there will be other fires in the country, but fortunately, up to the present, we have not had the misfortune to lament new calamities of a like nature.

The war is terrible, but we do not fear the result. The enemy does not fight in a manly manner, and have no military honor, and are destroying everything and demolishing their own country.

ONE NEGRO KILLS ANOTHER BECAUSE HE WOULD NOT GO TO CHURCH. The Moon Telegraph gives the particulars of an atrocious murder that was committed on Sunday last in Crawford county, Ga. A negro man named Green Huntshot and killed another negro named Ned Jones, merely because he (Ned) refused to go to church. Green had threatened to do much if Ned was not more strict in his attendance at church, and, according to the testimony taken at the Coroner's inquest, it is presumed that he committed the murder because Ned did not heed his pious instructions. Green is still at large, and the negroes threaten to burn him if they catch him.

Tilton's Independent says that Grant "uses for no great idea," that he is lifted to a station which is one placed too high for his genius," and that the Radical party "will gradually grow weaker and weaker, and their opponents stronger and stronger."

It is reported in Germany that the gambling establishments are taking measures to prevent the publication of intelligence of suicides committed by despairing losers.

A compromise has been made in Paris between the long and short dresses. The latter are to be worn by ladies with small feet, while others are to be allowed to sport trains.

Thursday morning last, the notorious Y. S. Bobb and three colored companions succeeded in escaping from Orangeburg jail, by throwing the jailer violently down and rushing past him.

The greater the man, the greater the crime.